## DO BELIEVE.

That's What Most Good American Citizens Declare.

When Frankly Asked About the Washington Hatchet Story.

Only One Man Says the Hatchet Was a Tomahawk.

But August Belmont Hadn't Heard of the Moral Tale.

This is George Washington's birthday.

Do you believe the story? Of Washington

And his Hatchet? It's as old as the Republic.

You have heard it. Everybody has, But August Belmont said he hadn't until an EVENING WORLD reporter told him. Then he believed it.

He was one of many people whom the reporter saw and to whom he put the same question of belief.

These are some of the people and their answers to the question ;

Mayor Grant-Believe it ? Why, most certainly I do. All patriotic Americans should believe it. George was a great man, and I've no doubt he cut down the tree and owned up to it gracefully.

Judge Martine-I believe it from the bottom of my heart. As a self-respecting American I would as soon doubt the story as doubt the Bible.

Alderman James Gilligan—I do believe it. It's as true as that America is the greatest country in the world.

Alderman Cowie—George Washington was the greatest man in this or any other country, and such a story couldn't have gained circulated the story couldn't have gained the story circulated the story couldn't have gained the story circulated the story couldn't have gained t

lation about so eminent a patriot unless it

had happened.

Alderman Sullivan—I believe every word of the story. The hatchet and tree trunk should have been preserved in some museum.

Alderman Carlin—Certainly the story is true. I would as soon doubt my own existence.
Alderman Barry—I believe that Washington cut down the cherry tree and then told his father of his wrong-doing. The story

is true.
Alderman Clancy—In my opinion, Wash-

Aderman Ciancy—In my opinion, washington is the greatest American who ever lived, and he was one of the few men equal to telling the truth.

Henry Clews—Certainly I believe it. And everybody should use Washington's hatchet. Children at school should be taught its use. It would be a good thing for the country if more eminent men could have a similar story told about them.

told about them

August Belmont — I had not heard of
it before. But judging from the historical accounts we have of Washington's churacter. I have no doubt that if he cut down
the cherry tree, his conscientious scruples
forced him to acknowledge it. I think the
story is true. told about them

forced him to acknowledge it. I think the story is true.

W. T. Hatch-Believe it? No. The way that story originated was this: George's father had a colored servant named Isaac. When he asked George about the tree, George said: "Ike cut it, father." His father naturally understood him to mean himself.

Kissam & Whitney-We are unanimous in believing the story. It is a good one, and as its authenticity has never been seriously questioned, we are not going to denbt it now.

J. Perpont Morgan, Brown Brothers and H. K. Enos & Co, declined to commit themselves.

selves.
So did Thomas Cabinet Platt,
Deputy Register J. J. Martin—Of course I
believe it. The man who tries to haul down
that story should be shot on the spot.
Deputy Register Watts—I believe it because
I saw the hatchet, only it wasn't a hatchet,
it was a tomahawk. History errs in this

espect.
Deputy Register Drew—I believe it from
he bottom of my heart, just as I believe in a

hereafter. In fact, the Register's office presented a Matthew Barr, walking delegate of the Tin and Sheet-iron Workers' Union—I believe in Washington-and-his hatchet story the same that of "Jack and the Beanstalk."

as I do in that of "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Miss Ida Van Etten, Presiden

Isaac Wood, delegate of the Empire City Pressmen's Union No. 34 and Secretary of the Central Labor Union—I believe the story of Washington and his batchet the same as I do in all matters that I have read in standard

do in all matters that I have been text-books.

Riobert L. Davis, Walking Delegate of Operative Painters' Union—It is a very good story and eminated from the brain of some one who loved boys. It's as good as any fable, and there are as good as George Washington's to-day, only they haven't the

Washington's to-day, only they haven't the same opportunity.
Waiter G. Keech, Walking Delegate of the United Order of American Carpenters and Joiners—It's a fable—an old chestnut, and I don't believe it.

Edward Conkling, Delegate of Progressive Painters' No. 1—I don't believe the Fasher of this Country country ever had a hatchet; it is a good Sunday-school story, though, and it would be had to explode it.

John J. Sullivan, Delegate of the Slate and

#### HIS MOUNT VERNON DIARY.

How the Father of His Country Made Notes on the The Father of His Country Has Ten Weather During His Years of Retirement.

[From the Collection of Dr. Thomas A. Emmet.]

april Joned Hemp at Juddy Lole to the Road-at the mile to the 3 take and finished the Oreland at Dog Tun-Toing at 90°C. & rang cloudy the whole day at one Golook it satisfe Raining which at 6 turns to home 2. Day warm & fine - Wind northwardly in the northwardly afterwards - Hemp Some I Hang at Muddy hole to the first some to the sind wood) - at the smile to the Allaha - and at Doog Tungly the densely the state beginn g. any great multing clearly pleasant - but not war me the lover of the foreners ... 4 Jone Delame at Grudo, hola Le the 2 Shake as the trice hay 5th of at Docg Run to the 2. The asy hind buttowardly & Plane - as 6 in the afternoon began to Obina - I wond file that for training or working before - 5 Constant Rainale Right and like 10 Oclose this day found hand at nothe cloudy of love daining again the Eining valish 6 Windial not Varaningsal day - thoday Ranning lile to Octock wary cloudy atter and tile hightwhen it lagan to havingen krid as no last - Swand energy mak-8 Cloudy the first part of the day - sond

Metal Roofers' Union—The Nineteenth Century Club is more capable of discussing and answering such a query. I believed the story in my younger days, and I think it a pity to however.

in my younger days, and I think it a pity to destroy the illusion.

George Washington McVey, Delegate of the United Piano-Makers—I believe the story because it has been ingrafted into me from childhood and because I am an American.

Michael Kiernan. Waiking Delegate of the Housesmiths' Union—I believe in it now the same as I did when a lad. I believe in everything Washington did and in most of what he said.

thing Washington did and in most of what he said.

George B. Featherton, delegate of the Progress Club of Steamfitters—I do not believe the story; its an old story—a fable to teach boys a good lesson.

William M. Penney, District-Attorney Fellows's Secretary—I believe the story, even to the smallest detail. I wish American history had more like it.

Assistant District-Attorney Forster—Always believe everything good of your father, is an old saying. George was the father of his country. Therefore I believe the story.

Assistant District-Attorney Andrew D. Parker—I believe it, not because my mother told me so, like the man in the song, out because I learned it at school, and I'm going to continue believing it.

Assistant District-Attorney Macdona—Of course I think the story is authentic.

Assistant District-Attorney Macdona—Of course I think the story is authentic.

Assistant District - Attorney Edward S. Grosse—Washington was an eminently truthful man. If he didn't say, 'Farher, I cannot tell a lie; I cut the tree down with my hatchet," he should have said it, anyway. Every person who gets into the witness-box should imitate George.

Lawyer Herman Fromme—I, too, can't tell a lie, and when you ask me if I believe it I must say I really think the yaru a fable.

John Dougherty, of the Steamfitters' Union—George Washington was a good deal like myself. He could not tell a lie about such things as cherry trees and hatchets.

Miss Ida Van Etten, President of the Workingwomen's Society — I can scarcely

#### FROM MONTANA.

HELENA, M. T., Jan. 26, 1888. FLEMING BROS. GENTLEMEN: I have taken a great many of DR. C. McLane's CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS and find them to be a wonderful pill—all that you claim for them. They act like a charm in case of biliousness, sick headache, dysentery, &c. Box 954.

Cure sick headache, billousuess, liver complaint, dys pepsia, heartburn, indigestion, malaria, pimples on fac-and body, impure blood, &c., by using regularly Dr. C and body, impure blood, &c., by using regularly Dr. C. McLank's CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. McLank's Liver Pitts, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburg, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name of McLank, spelled differently but of the same pronunciation. Always make sure of the words "Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. "on the wrap per.

however.

Walking Delegate Henni, of the German
Painters' Union—Mr. Washington was a good
man and I don't think be would tell a fib
about a little batchet and a cherry-tree. Per-

about a little hatchet and a cherry-tree. Perhais, however, he didn't have a batchet, and perhaps his father didn't bave a cherry tree.

Coroner Levy—Most certainly I do. As a good American citizen I would never dream of questioning the story.

Robert Cook, the Guardian Angel of the Coroner's Office—Seeing is believing. I didn't see the tree cut down, nor hear George's confession to his father. I cannot accept the story on faith. accept the story on faith.

Chief Clerk Edward F. Reynolds, of the

Chief Clerk Edward F. Reynolds, of the Coroner's office—In view of the paucity of historical evidence, I am involude to doubt it, S. Haiblou, Secretary Jewish Immigrants' Protective Society—Of course I believe the story. George couldn't tell a lie, and therefore no lie could be told of George.

Bernard Sands, director of the same Society—I do believe it. It's always been one of my ret stories.

Society—I do believe it. It's always been one of my pet stories.

Chief Inspector Byrnes—I have no official knowledge of the cherry tree episode, but if what I read when a boy is true, George was an unusually exemplary lad who would scorn to place a bent pin on his neighbor's stool.

Inspector Steers—I guess George was all right, and I have no doubt that the item is historically correct. He would have made a model policeman.

Inspector Conlin—I think that was the only cherry tree of its kind that ever grew, and

cherry tree of its kind that ever grew, and similar hatchets are as uncommon as was George Washington.

Inspector Williams—It is pretty certain that cherry tree yarn did not originate in the Nineteenth Precinct, at least while I was in command of it. command of it.



The HANKS Co.

DENTISTS.

Extracting, 25c.; with GAS, 50c. Sets, 85, 88 and \$10. Soft filling, 50b. up. gold filling, \$1 up. Permis attendant. Sundays to 1. 203 67H AVE., 2D DOOR BELOW 14TH.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST.

## A TOUR OF THE G. W'S.

Namesakes in This City.

#### None of Them Ever Chopped a Cherry Tree With a Hatchet.

George Washington, carpenter, 17 Forsyth street. George Washington, driver, 68 West Forty-third street. George Washington, waiter, 138 Chrystie

treorge Washington, waiter, 138 Chrystie street.
George Washington, cashier, 205 West One Hundred and Fifth street.
George Washington, cook, 36 Grove street.
George Washington, clerk, 428 East Seventeenth street.
George Washington, waiter, 1787 Third avenue.
George Washington, driver, 145 West Thirtieth street.
George Washington, carpenter, 115 West Twenty-fifth street.
George Washington, clerk, 118 West Twenty-seventh street.

The city directory gives the above namesakes of the Father of their Country.

An Evening World young man started out to see the bearers of so distinguished a name, to find out how broud they were, and to sound them as to any Presidential aspirations that they might have.

While the reporter was unable to see them

all, owing to a somewhat complicated shift-ing of residence, he did learn enough to give a general idea of the feelings they enteriain towards the United States's distinguished

a general nea of the feelings they enter an towards the United States's distinguished perent.

He first wended his way through a narrow alley and up a flight in the tenement-house in the rear of 17 For-yth street.

Stretched out on a sola was George Washington, the fond parent of Martha Washington, who was crawling over her papa's chest as if it were a ball or cotton, and at odd times pulling her father's mustacne and whiskers.

'I was born in Virginia on the 4th of July, 1862," said he. "I have been in New York over ten years. I am a carpenter by trade and a janitor by force of circumstances.

'No, sir, I can't exactly say that I am proud of Gen. Washington."

'Why not?" asked the reporter.

'Well, he didn't act right by the colored men after the Revolution. During the war the colored men helped him with all their might, and he promised to set them free. After the war he cidn't keep his word."

"Do you believe that little George told the truth about chopping the tree with his hatchet?"

"Yes, I do: that occurred when he was a

truth about chopping the tree with his hatchet?"

"Yes, I do; that occurred when he was a little boy, and then he would have been likely to tell the truth."

"Did you ever have a hatchet?"

"You bet I did; but I never cut cherry trees with it. I used to chop hickory and mend wagous with mine.

"No, air; I have no idea of ever becoming President. I would be proud of the position and am tolerably proud of the name I bear, but I never expect to hold public office."

"Are there any little Georges in the family?" asked The Evening World young man.

"No, not now. We may have some soon."

"I will not. I will call him George?"

"I will not. I will call him Hannibal."

As the reporter turned to go he was followed by this request; "If you ever want any whitewashing or kalsomining done don't forget me."

"There must have been a mistake made somewhere," said the second George Washington interviewed." "My recollection of

"There must have been a mistake made somewhere," said the second George Washington interviewed. "My recollection of the event is that I was born on Feb. 23, at 8 o'clock in the morning, and as the years roll around people celebrate the 22d as Washington's Birthday.

"Now, that's all wrong. I don't believe in rushing things, and I think they might wait the other eight hours before starting in."

The George Washington who said this is a strapping big negro, with a clean-shaven, good-natured face. He lives at 138 Chrystie street and is a waiter in a Park row restaurant.

rant.
"I was born in 1846," he went on," in a little cottage in Newburg on the banks of the Hudson River.
"My home was near the General's headquarters, and I have played there many a

"Do you believe the story concerning little George and his hatchet?" asked the reporter.
"Oh, that's very well as far as it goes.
When I was a little boy I had a hatchet, but it is too long ago for me to remember whether I cut cherry trees; I presume i did at some

time.
"I am married and have children. No, my wife's name a not Martha, neither have I any Georges in the family at present.

any Georges in the family at present.

"I have no presidental aspirations."

"I am most exceedingly proud of the Father of Our Country' and of the honor of having been named after him." said George Washington, of 205 West One Hundred and Fifth street, when seen in his office on Union Square.

He is the cashier of a large furniture establishment, and handles all the firm's money. Here's where his good record for honesty and truthfulness comes in.

This George Washington is a white man, and was born in Georgia Oct. 1, 1843, and consequently is forty-six years old.

"The tale of the hatchet is absolutely true," he continued, "and I am positive of this, as it was sent to me straight from head-quarters.

' I have lived in New York all my life—ex cept the two weeks after I was born—but I was never guilty of owning a hatchet; so I never hacked any cherry tree.

"My only playthings were a shot-gun and

#### A MOUNT VERNON BED-CURTAIN.

Said to Have Been Presented to Washington by an Admirer DOG SHOW in Holland.

[From the Collection of Dr. Thomas A. Emmet.]



a schooner. I used to shoot rabbits with the gun and sail around New York Bay in the I am married and have ten children,

"I am married and have ten children, including a son George, who is twenty-one years old, and a twenty-year-old daughter Martha.

"I am a Democrat from 'way back and always have been. No: I don't care about being President, the cares are too great and then again I am growing too old to enter politics."

politics."
"What is your reputation for verseity?"
"I believe it to be excellent, and I am sure

"I believe it to be excellent, and I am sure I try to keep it so."

Tossing about upon a bed of sickness, on the top floor of 68 West Forly-third street, was George Washington, colored, a young man of thirty-eight years.

He is troubled with a severe pulmonary trouble, but was quite cheerful.

"I was born in Winchestor, Va.," said he, "on March 1, 1851. While my mother was still sick, several ladies gathered in the house and insisted that I should be called George, after the great General. My mother gave in and I was christened George.

"Do I feel proud of my name or my name sake? Oh, no. I can't say that I do. Than name never did me any good and I would have liked to have been called Jimmy.

"I don't take any stock in that hatchet story a' all. I think it's all a fake.

"I never had a hatchet that I could call my

I never had a hatchet that I could call my

own in my life.

"Several times I have appeared as the central figure in tableaux. The last time was about four years ago, when I appeared for the benefit of a church in Kingston.

"I stood in the boat while she was crossing the Delaware, and in another act I stood up with a hatchet in my hand, which, by the

way, was more like a tomatawk.
"I never expect to hold any political effice; neither do I want to. There are no Marthas or little Georges in the family."

AMUSEMENTS.

## 14TH STREET THEATRE TO DAY, THE HANLONS LE VOYAGE EN SUISSE

PALMER'S THEATRE. COQUELIN-HADING.
M. COQUELIN. of the Comedic Francisco.
Sinc. JANE 14 ADINI, of the Gymese. M. COGUELIN, of the Comedic Francaise.

Mine. JANE HAD INV., of the Gymnase.

Under the direction of HENRY E. ABBEY and
MAURICE GRAU. Friday Evening. "DON CASSAR
DE BAZAN." Salurday matines, "MLLE DE LA
SEIGLIERE." Salurday evening. "GEINGOIRE."

Monologues and "LES PIEGLIEURIS RIDICULES."
Minn., "Ruy Blas." Tues., "Les Surprises du Divorce."

TH AVE THEATRE. MRS. LANGTRY
Matines Salurday - LADY OF LYONS
Nort and isast week-CLANCARTY, MACBETH
and LADY OF LYONS.

MATINESON."



AMUSEMENTS.

THE SMALLEST PERFECT HORSE! Smallest Perfect Woman THE OSSIFIED MAN! THE INDIAN DWARF!

ON THE STAGE.
The Willets & Thorn Star Specialty Company of Sacred Concerts Sundays. Stage Perform-ances hourly. GRAND OPENING.

OF THE NEW St.

TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 26.

23D ST. AND STH AVE., PROCTOR & TURNER, Proprietors and Managers, WITH

#### **NEIL BURGESS** COUNTY FAIR.

EVENINGS AT 8. SATURDAY MAT. AT 2. Prices, 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1,50.

This Theatre has been constructed solely of from and brick, and under the laws and super-vision of the Hulfding and Fire Departments, and is absolutely fireproof and safe. BIJOU THEATH Broadway, near 30th st.
MATINEE TO-DAY,
W. W. Tillotson's Merry Consedy Company in
ZIC-ZAC,
The Side-Suliting Musical Parce Comedy

The Side-Splitting Musical Farce-Comedy.
Gallery, Une Reserved, 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50.

A MEERG THEATRE. Irving place and 15th et.
Tionight, Washington's Birthday, first time. 'O'.
Mother-in-law.' Sat. Matinee, At the grand opera, evening. 'O' Mother-in-law.'

AMUSEMENTS.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

# THIRTEENTH ANNUAL

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,
TUESDAY, WEEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY,
PROF. PARKER'S TRICK DOGS.
OPEN S A. M. TO 10 P. M.

STANDARD THEATRE 124th-125th Performances
Matines to-day at 2 Evening at 8. PEARL Rice and Dizzy's Comic Opera Co.
OF Louis Harrison and 65 artists.
PEKIN. To-morrow last 2 performances.
SPECIALMONDAY Feb. 25. BURLESQUE.
LONDON GAIETY BURLESQUE COMPANY in

ESMERALDA.

Box-office open from 0 A. M. till 10 P. M. SPECULATORS are warned not to invest in tickets

MADISON SQLARE THEATRE.

MALLA M PALMER Sole Manager Evenings at 8:30. Saturday Matines.

SD CAPTAIN SWIFT. to Jim the MONTH. A Great Success—World, Jan. 28. Penman.

NIBLO'S. RESERVED SEATS, 50C.

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BOLOSSY WATER QUEEN.
BURNS MATURE TO MOTOW afteribon.
Sunday Evening—Haverly Cleveland Minetrels.

A CADEMY.
DENMAN THOMPSON.
THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

NIGHT'S, MAT WED, and 8AT.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Corner 41st ...

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Evenings at B.
ADMISSION 50 CENTS.
CIASINO. BROADWAY AND ROSE BROADWAY AND 39TH ST. NADJY. SEVENINGS AT SERVER AT 2 on bide Seats reserved 2 weeks in advance. Admission Solo Baats reserved a second of the same MATN FRI, (Washington's Birthday) AND SAT, E H SOTHERN IN HIGHEST BIDDER. Next Week—Haverly's Minstrela. Mal. Sat.

K OSTER A BIAL'S CONCERT HALL. MCANTHONY AND CHLOE POTTRA. WEDNESDAY-MATINEE-SATURDAY,

STAR THEATRE.
Matiness Westrosday, Friday and Saturday.
THE STOW MAY
Greatest melodrama since "The World,"
Feb. 25 - New comic opera, Said Pasha.
MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OF
EXTRA MATINEE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY,
Next work—MISS MINNIE PALMER.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVENUE THEATRE. WOOD. WAIFS OF NEW YORK. H. R. JACOBS'S (THALIA) THEATRE.

"THE STREETS OF NEW YORK." Feb. Areception ever 4 Tabenty evening THE GRAND MUSEUM AND THEATRE. Rop O My Thump, Human Saismander, Two Mountains of Flesh, Vaude Till 2016

RUSSIANS THE

VISITED BY 402,000 IN ONE YEAR.
4 ETTYSBURG.
19th st. A 4th ave. Sunday, 25 cents DOCKSTADER'S. AL MAL SI 2.15. KELLAR

PROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC. McCAULL OPERA COMPANY

BOCCACCIO, resented at Palmer's Theatre, New York, nee Washington's Birthday and Saturday, H. R. JACOBS'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.
Corner of Washington and Johnson sta.
Matthess Monday, Wednesday and Saturday
Extra Matines Washington's Birthday, Fillow's
CHARLOTTE THOMPSON
Matiness, WM. F. BURROUGHS
Kreening

Reserved. 30e. JANE EYRE. 30e.

LERAVE ACADEMY OF MUSIC BROOKLYN,
This week Et. Mat. Washington's Birth. & Sat. only
MAGGIF MITCHELL
and her own Company in Repertoire—Ray, Fanchest and her own Company in Repertoire-Ray, (the Cricket) and Little Barefoot. Next Wick-PROF HERRMANN. AMPHION ACADEMY. Knowles & Morria.

Lessees and Managera,
Every evening, Wednesday, Friday & Saturday Matinesa.

PAUL KAUVAR. GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Knowles & Morris, Hallen & Hart in "Later On." COLNINN'S PARK THEATRE SATURDAY.
HERRMANN.

## HOLMES'S STANDARD MUSEUM "Jack the Ripper" & "Jekyll & Hyde."

# A Record of the Wonderful Cruise of the Cheers and hurrans came through space to deavor to profit by the occasion to make

#### By JULES VERNE, Author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "A Trip to

the Moon," "Around the World in Eighty Days," &c. A PERSONALLY AUTHORIZED PUBLICATION. [SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PARIS, Feb. 8, 1880.—I have just obtained written authority from Jules

Verne and his publisher for the publication of "The Conquest of the Air" in

THE EVENING WORLD. This extraordinary story should rank as Verne's

masterpiece. PARIS CORRESPONDENT EVENING WORLD.

Profusely Illustrated by "Evening World" Artists,

STNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.X. Members of the Weldon Club are excited y discussing the subject of steering balloons, when they are interrupted by the appearance of a stranger named Rober, who laughs at their theories, which he declares to be impracticable. As they are about to eject him he disappears. That night Unde Prodent, the President of the Club, and Phil Evans, the Secretary, with Frycollin. Prudent's valet, are taken prisoners while walking through Fairmount Park, and confined in a mysterious prison. Upon being released a few hours later they find themselves on the "Albatrosa," a signatic flying machine, flying rapidly over Canada. They are indignant at their capture, which was made by Robur and his men, and who will give them no information as to their ultimate destination. On the morning of the second day they see beneath them the wonderful scenery of Yellowstone Park, and soon after the Albatross is gliding like a bird amid the canyons of the Rocky Mountains.

CHAPTER XI.

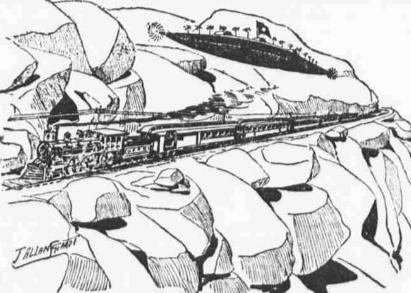
THE PACIFIC OCEAN. In less than three hours the great chain was | whistle attracted the attention of Uncle Pru-

crossed, and the Albatross resumed its ori- dent and Phil Evans. ginal speed, taking its course to the southwest in such a manner as to cut obliquely way to Salt Lake City.

It was a train on the Pacific Railway on its serews and, slowing up in speed in order to league."

across Utah Territory, and gradually lowered At the same time, in obedience to a secret

train so closely that the air-ship was sur- a gigantic bird of prey, took long flights to deck. One of them-after the fashion of to such a degree that the two prisoners were tity-it was not to be dreamed of. Since rounded with the smoke from the engine. | the rear, and then turning back overtook the | sailors passing a slower vessel than their own | forced to take refuge in the turret. The machine was instantly perceived. The locomotive with a single bound. Then the | -threw a rope out to the train, an ironical car windows were crowded with heads, and | black flag, with the golden sun, was hoisted | method of offering a tow. the platforms were thronged with passengers, and the engineer below responded by waving | The "Albatross" continued its usual speed. some even climbing to the tops of the cars to the thirty-seven-starred flag of the American and in a short time the train was out of sight opportunity to escape, and escape we will," feared, would attempt some premature vicobtain a better view of the flying machine. Union. In vain did the two prisoners en. in the rear.



THE FLYING MACRINE CIRCLED THE PACIFIC BALLBOAD TRAIN LIKE A BIRD OF PREY, THE ALBATROSS GIVES AN EXPRESS TRAIN A LITTLE LESSON IN RAPID LOCOMOTION-OVER the air-ship, but even they failed to bring | known their identity. In vain the President Robur on deck.

The "Albatross" descended still lower, keep pace with the train, commenced a series

of the Weldon Club shouted in a loud voice: The two colleagues advanced towards him. "I am Uncle Prudent, of Philadelphia," And moderating the action of the suspensory the Secretary: "I am Phil Evans, his col-Their cries were lost in the thousand

of aerial manceuvres around the bewildered hurrahs with which the travelers saluted their an order to one of the crew, and the "Albat. some point in the United States. towards the earth. It had descended some order from Robur, the "Albatross" drew travellers below, it darted swiftly to the passengers. In the mean time three or four ross" descended rapidly towards the earth hundred yards when the sound of a shrill nearer still to the earth, and followed the right and left, circled around the train like of the crew of the air-ship had appeared on

and LADY OF LYONS.

WINDSORTHEATRE, BOWERY, NEAR GANAL,
Week commencing Monday, Feb. 18,
Salisbury NFLLIE WILLERRY Matines
Troubadours, in THREE OF A KIND Saturday,
Next week—Madison Scharo Theatre success, Partners,

An hour after noon a large disk appeared in the distance, reflecting the rays of the sun

like a mirror "It must be the Mormon Capital, Salt Lake City, ' said Uncle Prodent. It was, in fact, the Mormon city, and the disk was the round roof of the Tabernacie in which 10,000 saints could move at ease, and the dome of which scattered the rays of the sun in all directions like a convex mirror. The city faded away like a shadow, and the " Albatross" bore to the southwest with increased rapidity, and was in a few hours taking its flight over the silver-producing sections of Nevada, which are only separated by the Sierra Nevada Mountains from the auriferous regions of California.

" If this s, eed continues we shall see San Francisco before night," said Phil Evans. " And after that ?" asked Uncle Prudent.

It was exactly six o clock in the evening as the "Albatrosa" cleared the last peak of the Sierra Nevadas, and there only needed to be covered one hundred and ninety eight miles to reach Sacramento, the capital of California. The speed at which the "Albatross" was now flying was so great that at ten minutes to eight the dome of the Sacramento court-

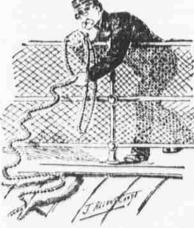
"Captain Robur," said Uncle Prudent, ica. It is time to finish your jest "---

and at the same time the speed was increased

" A moment more and I should have stran- sary to resort to strategy. gled him," said Uncle Prudent.

replied Phil Evans. Yes, at any cost.

A prolonged murmur reached their ears. It was the grinding of the sea breaking on the rocks of the coast. It was the Pac fie Ocean.



HE OFFERED TO TOW THE TRAIN.

house was sighted in the western horizon. A Uncle Prudent and Phil Evans had firmly few minutes later Robur appeared on deck. resolved to escape. If the crew of the airship had not comprised eight particularly vigorous men perhaps they would have at-'we are now at the western shore of Amer- | tempted to fight for their liberty. An audacious stroke might render them masters of "I never jest," replied Robur. He gave the machine, and they could then descend to

But, with only two against eight-Frycollin was only counted as a negative quan

This fact Phil Evans endeavored to im-

force was not to be employed it was neces-

"We are nearing the earth and may find an press upon his irascible colleague, who, he lence that would aggravate the situation. At all events, the time for flight had not yet arrived. The air-ship was shooting at full speed over the North Pacific Ocean. The morning of the 16th of June not a trace of land could be seen around them. Capt. Robur, either through habit or attention, had remained in his turret during the larger park of the time.

This morning as he appeared he contented himself with saluting his two guests as he passed them on- his way to the stern of the air-ship. His eyes, reddened by loss of sleep, with a stupefied air, his legs trembling, Frycollin was just venturing out of his cabin, walking like a man balancing himself on a tight-rope. His first care was to see if the suspensory screw, which was working with reasouring regularity, was all right. This done, the negro, trembling in every

limb, started for the side of the "Albatross" and seized the hand-rail with both hands to steady himself. Evidently he wished to get a view of the country over which the " Albatross" was flying at a height of 2,000 feet. He also wished to convince his master by

looking over the side that he was very audacious and brave. He walked backward until he reached the bulwarks, which he felt all over to get the strongest portion; then he slowly turned around and bent his head over the side.

It is useless to remark that during the execution of these movements his eyes were closed.

At last he opened them.

At last he opened them.

With a wild shrick he sprung back, his head buried between his hands.

Below him he had seen the immense occasion. [To be Continued To-Morrow.]

# "Albatross."

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.